

1484, m 5

A

POEM

ON THE *Texas Christ*

NATIVITY

OF OUR

BLESSED SAVIOUR.

*Ille Deum vitam accipiet, Divisq; videbit
Permistos Heroas, & ipse videbitur illis;
Pacatumq; reget patrijs virtutibus Orbem.*

- - - - -

*Molli paulatim flavescent campus arista,
Incultisq; rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et dura quercus sudabunt roscida mella.
Pauca tamen suberunt prisca vestigia fraudis;
Qua tentare Thetin ratibus, qua cingere muris
Oppida, qua jubeant telluri insindere Sulcos:
Alter it tum Tiphys, & altera qua vehat Argo
Delectos Heroas; erunt etiam altera bella,
Atq; in ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles. Virg. 4. Ec.*



LONDON Printed by T. Howlatt in Silver Street Bloomsbury
for the Author. 1719. *252 y 252*

P O P
M

ON THE

NATIVITY

OF OUR

BLESSED SAVIOUR.



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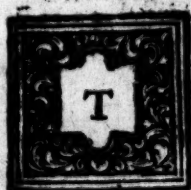


LONDON: Printed by T. Newman in Strand Street, 1793.
for the Author.

A
P O E M

ON THE

Nativity of our *Blessed Saviour*.



THE Sun full half his daily Course had run,
And was now mounted to his gawdy Noon:
It was the Noon whose dawning Morn survey'd
The newborn Offspring of the *Holy Maid*,
Whose Morn saw God, when he on Earth began
His painful, glorious and immortal Reign;
And blusht, as she foresaw th' Ingratitude of Man:
When *Thyrsis* and *Menalcas* chanc'd to meet,
And in a Shade fought out a cool Retreat;
There, undisturb'd, in grateful Strains to sing
The wond'rous Birth of the *Eternal King*:
The pious Task to *Thyrsis* did belong;
And thus in rustick Lays began his Song:

O pow'r Supream! Forgive my daring Muse,
That in rude Notes, so great a Theme does chuse;

B

How

How shall a lowly Swain attempt to tell

Thy Pow'r or Praise, who dost all Praise excell :

Or Speak of thee, who art unspeakable ?

You airy Choir, that charm'd e'en now the Swains,
Assist my feeble Sounds, my artless Strains.

Come all ye Swains, and with the blest above,

Extoll the God of Pow'r, the God of Love.

Come near ye Mortals, see your pow'rful God,

That can to Atomes shake you with a Nod,

See him from Heav'n, from his Pavilion fly,

And humble in a loathsome Manger lye ;

Learn hence, ye Kings, your empty Pomp to scorn ;

The Monarch of the World is lowly born,

His Head no Crowns, his Hand no Scepters grace,

Nor fawning Crowds a Tyrant's Pow'r confess ;

He in poor guise begins his peaceful Reign,

And breaths immortal Love to mortal Man.

Come all ye Swains, &c.

Who can the Rebel Mortals thus forgive ?

Who bid the fallen Race arise and live ?

Who thus can give the ravag'd Nations ease,

Bid hostile Rage be still, and Discord cease,

And charm the World into a general Peace ?

Who

Who can the deadly Pow'rs of Hell o'erecome,
 And strike their Oracles and Altars dumb?
 Who? But th' eternal God of pow'r alone,
 The God of Peace and Love, th' Almighty's Son.

Come all ye Swains, &c.

Silent *Menecks* sat attentive by,
 And shar'd his Transports with a doubtful Joy;
 Sing, *Thyrfis*, Sing, for ever Sing, said he:
 And lull my Senses with thy Melody:
 But not, to me alone, repeat thy Song,
 Charm with thy tuneful Strains the noisy Throng:
 Thy Voice, methinks, might win the heedless Crowd
 To listen to thy call, and own their God,
 Might calm their Passions, and their Rage might still,
 And sooth 'em to be blest against their Will.

So when the *Royal Hebrew's* tortur'd breast,

Saul

Was by infernal Rage and Fiends possess'd,

His ready Harp the young *Jessæan* strung,

David

Tuneful he play'd, and tunefully he sung,

The charming Sounds soon gave the Monarch ease,

Calm'd all his Rage, and sooth'd his Soul to Peace.

Alas! No Arts the giddy Crowd can Sway,

And Savages less Savage are than they,

In vain does *Thyr's* Songs excite 'em all
 The God of Pow'r, the God of Love t' extoll,
 Careless of proffer'd Grace, and deaf to every Call.
 The Shepherd stopt and sigh'd--- and then went on,
 And in prophetick Sounds resum'd his Moan:

Oh wretched *Palestine*! What Angel flies,
 Of all the numerous Hosts that crowd the Skies,
 To warn thee of the Woes that on thee wait,
 And teach thy stubborn Sons t' avoid their Fate?
 No need, alas, of Man or Angel's Voice,
 No second means th' Almighty does devise,
 O'er all the *Hebrew Regions* to proclaim
 The Glory of his Face, and Terror of his Name;
 Ee'n he himself the great *Jehovah's* come,
 To warn th' obdurate Race t' avoid their Doom;
 From place to place th' unwearied God pursues
 His gracious mission to the heedless *Jews*;
 Unhappy Mother of unhappy Race!
 'Tis all in Vain, thy Fate draws on apace,
 And Tides of swelling Woe o'erwhelm thy beauteous
 Face;
 For on a Cross I see our Maker ty'd,
 And gore divine flow from his wounded Side;

And while the Wretches crucify their God,
Exulting crowds the cursed Act applaud.

Blest hast thou been, Oh *Sion*! Fair thou wast,
But Oh! 'tis all irrevocably past :
Call all the neigh'ring Mountains to thy aid,
Bury ten thousand fathom deep thy Head,
The Lord of all thy Life by th' own curst Hands is
dead.

Deaf are the mountains, and in Vain thy cries,
Vengeance unerring thunders from the Skies ;
Waste lye thy Fields, all waste with raging War,
Lean Famine in thy Streets, thy Face Despair,
O'er the wild Waste disperst thy Children fly,
And thy proud Tow'rs in heaps of Ruin lye.
And just thy Fate---But when, Oh! When alas!
Will Wrath divine have end, and Vengeance cease?
The Rage relentless of the Victor's Steel
Alike the guilty and the guiltless feel,
Be brave, ye Saints, nor shudder at the view
Of all the pains the blessed *Jesus* knew,
The pains your Master felt, and are prepar'd for you.
Oh glorious pow'r of Faith! the Heroes go
All dauntless to their Fate, and court the blow,

The

The fell Barbarian stands astonisht by,
While on the rack unmov'd the Martyrs lye,
Bear all their Pangs in Smiles, and all in Raptures dye.

*Thou Sacred Pow'r ! Thou God of all Redress !
Thou sure Resort, and Succour in Distress !
Thy Eyes the Sorrows of thy Sons have seen,
Long has the Proof, severe the Trial been,
At length arise, and let Destruction stay,
Let Tyrants tremble, and the World obey.*

My pray'r is heard : For Lo ! * A Prince shall rise
Virtuous and mighty, fortunate and wise,
Boundless his Empire, boundless is his Fame,
Monsters and monstrous Men his Sword shall tame,
And all the pow'rs of Darkness tremble at his Name.

To the glad World, the Heroe loud does own
The Sign, by whose blest Influence alone,
So many Battles he had fought, such Glory won.
Rejoice ye Saints ! Your Suff'rings all are o'er,
The grinning Fiends are bound and rage no more,
Eccho ye Hills and Valleys to the Sound,
Infernal Rage is hush'd, the Fiends are bound ;
The Pagan Crowd their Antick Rights forbear,
And joyfully the Name of *Jesus* hear,
Altars no more with *Idol Incense* burn,
And *Bacchanals* their empty Goblets mourn, The

*If we were of the
the Tinkling*

* Constantine the Great.

The Shrines despis'd, the Groves neglected lye,
And the dull Gods themselves stand witless by.

But Oh! Behold, fresh Scenes of Woe arise,
And with a joyless Prospect meet my Eyes,
Mark, *Thyrsis*, mark, my mournful Story well,
Tremendous are the Truths I shall foretell:
The great Revolt the grand Seducer sees,
Beholds th' eternal Son, with vengeful Eyes,
Triumphant on the Earth as well as in the Skies.
The Blow is deadly, and in dire dismay
He bootless groans his tedious Hours away;
Long impotent within the deep Abyfs,
Long hopeless and confus'd the Monster lies;
Oft tow' rds the Realms, which once he deem'd his own,
He throws his livid Eyes in silent Moan;
Now hears th' eternal Name of *Jesus* Sung
Where *Jo Pæans* once as loudly rung;
Beholds the Riches, and the pompous State,
Of those that at the *sacred Altars* wait;
Sees lavish Kings encrease the wealthy Store,
And Monarchs, what they once despis'd, adore:
When straight a sudden Beam of doubtful Joy
Cheers his dark Soul, and dances in his Eye;

The Hour, the long wiht Hour is come, he cries :
 Nor says he more, but, swift as Thought, he flies,
 And wings his way impetuous thro' the dark Abyfs.

High on the spacious Convex that furrounds
 Th' harmonious Orbs of Light, and Chaos bounds ;
 Where Winds untam'd with whistling Winds engage,
 For ever bluster, and for ever rage ;
 Where all the worldly wise (as Bards have sung)
 A flutt'ring, giddy and a num'rous Throng,
 From the frail Bonds releas'd of Mortal Clay,
 Expect the Judgment of the dreadful Day,
 And Ages waste in dubious Pain away,
 On fickle rowling Hills of faithless Sand,
 A floating Surface and a Sea of Land,
 A mighty Pile her gawdy Head rears high,
 Whose antick Tow'rs surprize the gazers Eye,
 Where Pride enthron'd o'er fawning Myriads rules,
 The vain Resort and Paradise of Fools.
 Hither, thro' all the cheerless waste of Night,
 I see the Fiend direct his daring Flight.
 Too well the Path is to the Monster known,
 Since, Ages past, despairing and alone,
 He boldly prov'd the dark, uncertain Road,
 Unknown before, unbeaten and untrod ;

Like

Like Mischief then his envious Soul possess,
 Sparkled alike his Eyes, and glow'd his Breast,
 When tow'rd the Confines of the newborn Day,
 And the blest Bow'r, where hapless *Adam* lay,
 With dire Intent he wing'd his horrid Way.

Behold him now approach the smiling Queen
 And eagerly his fatal Tale begin ;
 Now his smooth Tongue he moves in artful Guise,
 And ev'ry Pow'r of charming Rhet'rick tries ;
 Now of his vanquish'd State aloud complains,
 Liberty lost, and worse than Captive Chains ;
 Her Pow'r implores now suppliant at her Throne,
 To ease his Torment, and redress his Moan.

The haughty Dame a pleas'd Attention gives,
 And joyfully the welcome Sound receives :
 My Son, says she, who earliest did adore
 My infant Glories, and first own'd my Pow'r ;
 Who, at my Call, against th' Almighty rose
 And half *Heav'n* drew to own the luckless Cause ;
 Who dar'd in Arms assert to *Heav'n* his right,
 And led th' imbattel'd *Seraphims* to fight ;
 Who in the glorious Cause so bravely fell,
 Hurl'd headlong from the Skies to rule in *Hell*,
 By the relentless Victor doom'd to bear
 Th' eternal Miseries of adverse War ;

Shall he the Story of his Woes relate?
 Count all his Griefs and mourn his abject State?
 Shall he to me of his hard Lot complain?
 And I not sympathize in all his Pain?

She stops: And thronging Crowds of Votaries
 In watchful Silence wait their orders from her Eyes.

Blind Zeal, Ambition, Ign'rance, Envy stand
 With baneful *Discord*, 'midst the num'rous Band;
Hypocrisy displays her formal Face,
 And *Superstition* moves in solemn Pace;
 Lean *Av'rice* too her wither'd Carcass rears,
 And chief among the horrid Crew appears:
 To these the Fiend directs his wishful Eyes,
 The ready Dame confirms the fatal Choice.

Now see 'em in the cursed Cause engage,
 (Fit Instruments of Diabolick Rage)
 Swift as the Day, th' infernal Fairies fly,
 Thro' the thin Air, and Scud along the Sky;
 Downward they bend, and guide their eager Flight,
 And on the Earth's unhappy Surface light;
 Each to her Work assign'd, the busy Crew
 Disperst around, thro' ev'ry Region go,
 And sedulous the various Toil pursue.

Now

Now thro' the suff'ring World Confusion flies,
 Contentions spring, and wild Disorders rise;
 Among the Nations; who agree to own
 This Morning's happy Birth, th' Almighty's Son,
 With deadly Rage contending Factions jar,
 And make the God of Peace, a God of War:
 Blind Zealots foam, and num'rous Sects arise,
 Religious Errors, Forgeries and Lyes,
 Each Tongue proclaims, each teeming Brain supplies,
 Thro' Paths untrod th' advent'rous Leaders stray,
 And the bewilder'd Vulgar loose their Way;
 Their darling Sins litigious Priests maintain,
 And Godly Murthers stain the guilty Scene.

Pandora so (as Poets of't have sung)
 Ee'r Pain was known, and when the World was young,
 A curious Casket to her Husband sent
 Wistless of what the fatal Present meant;
 With hasty Joy, he op'd the beauteous Lid,
 Eager to find what treasur'd Prize it hid;
 When out a thousand deadly Vapours flew,
 Of Pains and Sores an endless, nameless Crew;
 O'er the griev'd World dispers'd, the horrid Train
 Thro' ev'ry Clime, thro' ev'ry Region ran;
 Here Agues shook, there raging Fevers burn'd,
 And o'er the dying Child the Parent mourn'd.

When

When, *Thyrsis*, when will all these Turmoils cease?
 Where shall my Eyes behold the Dawn of Peace?
 Oh fair *Britannia*! hail thou beauteous *Isle*!
 On whose glad Plains the bounteous Heavens smile,
 Safe on thy Shore, within thy quiet Breast,
 Her drooping Wings my wearied Soul shall rest;
 There shall the doubtful Wand'rer ever be
 From Tyranny and Superstition free;
 In thy pure Streams wash all her Stains away,
 And waste the Night in Peace, in Joys the Day.

But Oh too partial Fate! too niggard Heav'n!
 That hast to Life such scanty Moments giv'n;
 Long e'er these happy, golden Days shall come,
 My Bones shall sleep within their silent Tomb:
 Thou too, *fair Isle*! Shalt, e'er thy Joys are full,
 See Years on Years, and tedious Ages rowl;
 Thy mangled Bosom, cruel Doom! shall share
 The bloody Havock of religious War;
 Thy rebel Sons shall tear thy lovely Frame,
 Despise thy Tears, and triumph in their Shame:
 From the cold North I hear the Tumult come,
 The holy Trumpet, and the godly Drum;
 The gifted Zealots, whose offended Ear
 Disdain'd the Organ's Heav'nly Notes to hear,

*The Rebellion
in 1640, &c.*

Scotland

Now

Now o'er the purer Drum, in rueful Guise
 Distort the Face, and rowl their haggard Eyes,
 All to the Martial Notes their Voices rear,
 In mock Devotion, and blaspheming Pray'r.
 Great *Stuart*, pious Monarch, views from far
 The threatening Horrors of tremendous War;
 Fast by the *Hero's* Side, a noble Band
 Of glorious *Saints* and loyal *Patriots* stand,
 All fired with the sacred Cause, prepar'd
 In shining Arms to meet the giddy Herd.
 Now raging War deforms the peaceful Plains,
 And of their Harvest robs the frightened Swains;
 The idle Scythe lies unmolested by,
 And cruel Swords the Sickle's Toil supply;
 Divided Brethren to the Battle run,
 And Dearest Friends their mutual Ties disown;
 The rebel Son exalts his haughty Crest,
 And aims his Thunder at his Father's Breast;
 Each Matron mourns her heavy Lot, that she
 Must either Childless or a Widow be;
 Her Mother's Grief each tender Virgin shares,
 Of all her Woes an equal Portion bears,
 Each fatal Victory the Maid bewails,
 The Father conquers, but the Lover falls.

*King Charles
the first*

Celestial Pow'r! From thy own peaceful Skies,
 From thy bright Mansion, and thy Throne of Bliss,

Cast down thy piteous Eyes; behold a while,
 These mock Reformers of the ravag'd Isle;
 Behold the meagre Saints, with Looks severe,
 Rob in thy Name, and murder midst a Prayer;
 Defile thy Altars with a purple Flood,
 Purge with the Sword, and purify with Blood.
 Where are the Lips, where once such Musick hung,
 As in the Temples us'd to charm the Throng?
 Where is the Arm, that should its Sinews lend,
 To guard those Temples, and their Shrines defend?
 Those Lips their Art, that Arm its Pow'r has lost,
 To quell or mollify the Savage Host;
 The Villein now his vanquish'd Lord commands,
 And the Slave fattens on his Master's Lands;
 Unhallow'd Feet upon the Mitre tread,
 And Rebels Lord it in their Monarch's Stead.

But, Oh! the dismal Scene is yet behind,
 Behold 'em now their Sacred Master bind,
 Thro' shouting Crowds the Royal Victim lead,

And to the bloody Scaffold doom his Head.

No longer, shall the Hebrew Race remain
 Unmatcht in Crimes, unrivall'd in their Stain;
 Their Load of Infamy Britannia shares,
 Her Crimes are black, her Stains are deep as theirs:

Dead is her Monarch, but her Malice lives,
 Her Thirst for Blood, the bloodless Trunk survives;

His Royal Race are all condemn'd to rove
 Thro' Climes unknown, and Want and Hunger prove,
 Hunger and gripping Want, in Climes unknown,
 Grieve less than do the Saff rings of their own;
 Their own lov'd *Isle*, to Rapine doom'd a Prey,
 Is more distress'd, and more forlorn than they;
 Of all her Triumphs mourns the guilty Coll,
 Her darling Freedom in the Struggle lost,
 Sees exil'd Truth conceal her rev'rend Head,
 Reformers squabble, but Religion fled.

So the vain Alchymist, with fruitless Toil
 Does in the golden Search employ his Skill,
 Unwearied travails tedious Volumes o'er,
 And in the fond Pursuit grows old and poor,
 Now thinks the long wish'd Hour is come at last,
 That will reward his costly Labours past,
 When as the Dotard blows the subtle Fire,
 The Limbeck bursts, and all his Hopes expire;
 His ruin'd Fortune he laments too late,
 And in unpitied Rags bemoans his Fate.

But, Oh fair *Island*! dry thy streaming Eyes,
 To blooming Hopes, and to new Glories rise;
 Relenting Heav'n has all thy Saff rings seen,
 How great thy Grievs, unfeign'd thy Tears have been;
 Thy stollen Sighs, thy secret Pray'rs receives,
 And still a *Stuart* for *Britannia* lives;

King Charles the
Second.

Safe to thy Shores I see the Wand'rer come,
And shouting Crowds conduct their Monarch home;
Th' adoring Throng his lovely Form surveys,
And all the Martyr smiling in his Face,
All Majesty he seems, and by his Side

James Duke of
York and
Duke of Cambridge

A Royal Pair of blooming Heroes ride,
Whose rip'ning Years shall to the World proclaim
The sacred martial Stock, from whence they came;
This on the Deep shall Albion's Thunder bear,
And grapple with the Belgick Lyon there,
The Savage shall th' unequal Combat fly,
And vent his empty Rage in Bellows to the Sky;
This (if the cruel Fates the Youth but spare)
Shall other *Wreaths*, and other *Lawrels* wear,
Beneath his Rod shall trembling *Faction* bow,
And *Hydra's* num'rous Heads lopt off, no more shall grow.

Now, *Britain*, now do all thy Troubles cease,
And now begins a golden *Age* of Peace;
Remotest Climes shall hear thy matchless Fame,
And mightiest Kings revere a *Stuart's* Name;
In pious Union all thy Sons shall join,
And joyful in the righteous Cause combine;
All Knees shall at thy sacred Altars bow,
And an eternal, mutual Concord vow;
All Hearts shall join, in ev'ry Breast shall move,
The Soul of Unity, the Soul of Love.

F I N I S.

